

Salem Hill, The Joy Gem

Coveted by great hordes of men
Seeking the famous gem-power to bring them joy
Hidden from dangers in the ground
Buried as soon as found-safe under dirt and coin

Betrayed by promises of old The gem just left him cold
So in the hole it stayed

Hidden there's no joy Hidden no lives touched
Hidden no change in hearts of men

Hunted by armies of the land
Confident in their hands the promises would come true
Finally under veil of night
Stolen by blood and might the quest for the gem was through

Betrayed by promises of old The stone still left them cold
So in a new hole was laid

Stolen there's no joy Stolen no lives touched
Stolen no change in hearts of men

Through years of theft and battle changing hands
Gotten at great cost
And carried as a prize to foreign lands
Scarred deeply and chipped
Waiting for the stone to show its pow'r
Held high as a trophy
The victors spent their lives confused and sour
But never a gift

This treasure just desired for its name
Hoarded and buried
Yet nothing realized to earn such fame
Forgotten and cold

A thing of beauty begging to be found
Its light like a drapery
For fear conscribed to languish underground
Adorning a hole

Now in my father's empty home
Me and my child alone happen upon the stone
I had heard stories through the years
And with no little fear I give it to my boy

At last the promises of old were just as they'd been told
And now the whole was known

Power to bring joy Power to touch lives
Power to change the heart of man